BALLAD OF THE SCHOOLBOY SQUIRE.

At school no rival he admits,
His greatness none deny;
A king whom epoch making hits
To leg have lifted high.
Yet here at home in late July
By one of beauty's queens
Behold him smitten, hip and thigh,
This gallant in his teens.

No lore scholastic benefits
One whom the sirens ply,
And where his fair Althæa sits
He humbly hovers nigh.
Alert, attentive, awkward, shy,
Beside her chair he leans,
Prepared for her to live and die,
This gallant in his teens.

But, August fled, the path he quits
Where primrose garlands lie,
And gathers up his fifth form wits
So sadly knocked awry.
More than homesick, he knows not why
He finds in prosier scenes
The classics more than usual dry,
This gallant in his teens.

ENVOI.

Lady, he'll fathom by and by
What this strange fever means—
Spare him the tribute of a sigh,
This gallant in his teens.
—Alfred Cochrane in Temple Bar.

BOUND SADLY HOME.

It was all a fraud. The forage cap on one side of his narrow head, the worn-out livery coat with epaulets, even the leathern strap, suspending from his shoulder his box of knavish wares, affected a military air and countenanced his lies and deceptions.

The face was not repulsive even now. Some distinction appertained to the heavy mustache, and the hollow beneath the high cheek bone, the crow's feet around the eyes, the tanned, weather beaten ruddiness of his complexion, might have betokened honorable service in poisonous swamps or under burning skies, instead of shifty, footsore wanderings with alternate hours of want and wickedness.

He dragged himself to the dusty grass beneath the "Five Ashes" at the four crossroads. He was faint, for the hill had tried him, and sat panting with his back against a tree. Then he opened his box and began rolling infallible pills between his filthy finger and thumb. Their composition was a secret, but doubtless they did some people a lot of good.

For 20 years his heart had never softened with a sentiment, his soul never quickened with an aspiration, and now his wandering eye, resting on a finger post across the road, mechanically read: "Upton. Leigh. Sutton-Darcy."

All so familiar once, and the last his birthplace!

A strange impulse, absolutely unreasonable, for recognition might still be dangerous, took possession of him. An irresistible desire to see the place again, even though it were by stealth at night. From the boughs above his head came the "pink! pink!" of a chaffinch, and through the filth and fog of a quarter of a century of evil, indistinct in the fumes of drink and smothered in its own futility, gleamed a reminiscence clear and sharp as the bird's note:

An old farmhouse thatched and stone built, with mullioned windows. In the garden a tall pear tree, with yellow buds glistening in the early spring, and beneath a youth with a gun peeping to get a shot. Then a man in breeches and hose, elderly, but hale, drawling half humorously: "Why, Jack, my bwoy! Thy shots do het off more buds than all the chaffingers."

The old people must be gone now, for Jack was the youngest and the favorite five and thirty years ago.

Muttering against his own folly, he slung on his box and limped along the Sutton road.

At evening he entered "The Cups," an inn on the outskirts of Sutton. Everything was as formerly—the same bench and stools, the same oak settle by the hearth. Two laborers playing at shovel board called each other familiar names, and the singsong of their voices brought back the past.

"What parish may this be, please?" he asked.

"Zutton," replied both Abs and Abe.

"A large village?"

"'Tidden zo terr'ble large."

"Small?"

"'Tidden zo wonderful small."

Satisfied with the subterfuge of these questions, he sat down and continued eagerly:

"Any o' the name of Craddock live here now?"

"Craddock, eh?" grinned Abs. "What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear!" said Abe.

He hesitated. But the longing to know overcame his judgment like the craving of a vice.

"And the farm at the foot of the hill. Who lives there?"

"Mr. Craddock, be sure. Varmer William."

"When I came this way before, somebody—people called Sandford"——

"Ha! ha!" laughed Abs. "Then you be a woldish bird, not hatched last summer. Why, the old man have a-bin dead these 20 year. An the maid married Varmer William, an he took on the farm. But years avore she thought to a-married one Jack. But he took to ho'se racen, so 'tes said, an signed somebody's name an bolted. Never didden hear no more o' he. But you be a old file. What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear!" said Abe.

John Craddock nervously rose, straightened his back and fell into his familiar patter.

"Yes. I'm an old soldier, wounded in the trenches before Sevastopol and starved at Cawnpoor, and when I'd spilt my blood and ruined a fine constitution in the service of my native land they gave me my discharge and threw me upon the world without a penny. But, happily, among the prisoners taken by the British forces in that memorable war was the private physician to the Ranee of Jhansi. Seeing me writhing with rheumatism—to which, gentlemen, I was then a martyr—his feeling heart confided to me, under an oath of secrecy, the inestimable blessing of a never failing remedy. These pills, gentlemen, taken in time are a reliable cure. If you have ever seen crooked legs, stiff arms or a back as bowed as a reaping hook, take a couple of these pills—four and twenty in each box. The price is twopence, and I guarantee, if kept dry, the contents will never deteriorate. Thank you, gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

His glibness had been successful; but, ill at ease, he shuffled on to the old house with the pear tree. A silver maned colt was reaching over the paddock rail, the image of the roan mare they used to call Rube. All was quiet and prosperous, and in the garden path stood the familiar figure. He slunk into the shadow of the churchyard wall. Yet it was only Dick, grown into the substantial staidness of his father's place.

He went to the low thatched house standing all askew, with the stalls and the wagon shed where he and Dorothy used to meet. He would sleep that night in one of the wagons. It was scarcely dusk; but the life came back quite clearly. Work was over, and nobody would come, so he went in and climbed up out of sight.

He heard a light step and peeped over the tailboard. There stood the Doll Sanford of years ago, with budding womanhood beneath the open neck of her print frock. She had run out in haste. Her lips were parted. He could see her face looking toward the gate into the orchard. Then came a firmer step—just as when they said he was too wild for their Dorothy.

"I musn't stay tonight, Jack."

"A few minutes, Doll."

"The maid's out. Mother'll miss me."

"Doll!" "Jack!"

They kissed close to the wagon wheel and were gone.

He could not help it. Come what would, he must go to the house, and presently he crossed the yard, entered the porch and knocked.

"Nothing today, thank you," said a sharp voice through the partly opened door.

He remembered the Craddock rule—never to give money nor refuse bread. "Will you give me a bit to eat?" he begged.

Without a word she disappeared, but came back, bringing also a cup of cider.

"Isn't this Mr. Craddock's?"

"It is."

"I knew one of that name once—Jack Craddock. We were chums. I was by when he was killed. I've got something of his now."

"Killed?" she echoed, trembling.

"Yes. It was in the trenches before Sevastopol"——

She gave a sharp cry and sank into the stone seat in the porch.

A burly figure came from the house. "What's this? What's this?" he blustered and seized the tramp by the collar and shook him.

"Don't, William," pleaded the woman. "It's nothing. He has done nothing."

He shuffled nervously into the high road and stood there in the twilight beneath the pale summer stars. Had she recognized him? He could tramp no farther that day, and again he slunk across the yard and climbed into the wagon. At dawn he would trudge on—far from the village—out of the district.

At daybreak came the horses, but they did not wake him.

"Here's thik tramp feller. God! He's dead! What dost zay, Abe?"

Abe solemnly said, "Noo fear!"—Walter Raymond in London Illustrated News.

He Washed the Tiger.

When Pezon, the lion tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he hired a Cossack to clean out the cage of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French. Pezon tried to show him about his work by motions with a pail and sponge. The moujik watched him closely and seemed to understand. Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in. He had seen his master step into two cages of harmless brutes, but this one happened to belong to a splendid tiger that lay on the floor fast asleep.

At the noise made by opening the door the creature raised its head and turned its eyes full on the man, who stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket. At that moment Pezon came out and was struck dumb with the sight. What could he do to warn the man? A sound might enrage the great beast. So Pezon stood still. The moujik, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger and made ready to rub him down.

The cold water on its hide pleased the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back and offered every part of its body to the treatment of the moujik, who went on scrubbing with might and main. All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open as if nailed to the spot. When he had finished his job, the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he entered it. But he never did it again.—London Million.

The Farmer and Good Roads.

The saleable value of farm lands is greatly enhanced by the facility with which the mill, store and factory privileges are made available. Manufactories are established in localities where communication is readily had with the farm and market, and any factory established in a farming locality furnishes an additional market for farm produce, and a market that is constant in its demands and sure in its receipts.

Thus the farmer is the one directly interested, for it means to him economical transportation in competition, a market when prices are best, the introduction of factories and increased value of farm lands. Besides this it means a better attendance at schools, more benefit from the town libraries and lectures, and with the greater diffusion of knowledge less desire to leave the farm for privileges and information that will be more available at home.—New York Tribune.

He Was Bashful.

Mistress—How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you of an evening?

Servant Girl—Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet. For the present he does nothing but eat.—Lustige Blatter.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

TESTIMONY THAT EXORCISM HAS REASONS FOR EXISTENCE.

Signs Through Which One Who Is Possessed Is Recognized—The Conjuration and Other Strange Formulas Employed by the Good Monks.

The possessed woman of Gif is cured now not by the doctors, who were unable to do anything for her, but by the theological science of the cure of the parish and the firmness of Mgr. Goux, bishop of Versailles, which shows that exorcism has its reasons for existence and that "possession" is as real as hysteria. As a matter of fact, the church has never laid down her arms in the presence of the devils.

There are four principal signs through which the possessed one is recognized: 1. No known remedy relieves him. 2. He speaks of incidents and facts beyond his natural reach and which nobody has revealed to him. 3. He foretells events and speaks several languages unknown to him before his affliction. 4. In the presence of a priest and at sacred ceremonies he trembles, suffers pain, writhes and blasphemes.

The Catholic priests, and especially the Dominicans, have from away back practiced exorcism. According to the canons, the exorcist belongs to one of the minor orders which precede the priesthood. He must be humble of heart in his ministry, and if he operates with any thought of display he risks for himself the contagion of the evil spirits that still remain to be cast out.

Ordinarily the ceremony takes place in the church in the presence of the faithful assembled at prayer, particularly at the feasts of the Nativity, of the Resurrection, of the Ascension, of Pentecost, of the Virgin Mary and of the Apostles. After the morning mass, to which the possessed one assists, the exorcist puts on the surplice and assists the priest who puts on the violet colored cope, the symbol of the pains of purgatory. The patient who has confessed then approaches. A stole is passed around his neck to tie the devils that have become the masters of his body. Then the sign of the cross is made upon him, and he is sprinkled with holy water. In Latin the devil is commended to tell his name, to say whether or not he is alone and why he is there. Finally he is ordered to depart. The conjuration in any other language and especially in Hebrew is useless. Hebrew is reserved for satan himself.

The Flagellum dæmonum contains the most complete formula of exorcism, consisting of well known prayers mingled with the most ancient and strangest appellations of God, such as "Oh, Adonai Tetragrammaton" and others, which come in part from Chaldea, from Phœnecia and from Greece. The words are supposed to possess in themselves a certain power of evocation of celestial virtues which terrify the infernal legions. Certain words of Christ, according to St. Matthew, are used to drive out evil spirits.

If the demon does not retire immediately, the exorcist takes a painted image representing him and throws it into the consecrated fire along with incense, rue and sulphur, with strong mystic odors, intending to prove by this act that he will send the evil spirit back into his natural element—hell. This done, he places upon the head of the possessed one the book, the relics, the crucifix and sometimes even the host—the last and invincible remedy. According to the authority of certain demonographs, the devil then comes out through the nose of the patient.

In the ancient monasteries they made the exorcist carry upon his person certain amulets containing protective formulas. Sometimes these formulas, written upon pieces of parchment, were swallowed. In the process of digestion the exorcism was accomplished without fatigue.

In our days exorcism has taken refuge in La Trappe. The clergy are somewhat averse to it, while at the same time they do not refuse to admit it. The man who breaks the spells is very old. But the devils cast out by the good monks are reduced to the tormenting of animals. Pigs are their favorites. Then the old spell smasher whips them with beads and sprinkles them with holy water, and the pigs recover and become happy, because the devils go away.

Mr. J. K. Huysmans has been able to speak de visu of the power of demons and the efficacity of exorcisms. Moreover, the eminent writer was well acquainted with one of the most learned demonographers of his time, the Abbe Boullan, who ran through hell in his bare feet, holding the host in his hands.

Either at the church of Sanetot or the church of Senneville, I received this curious document from M. Gilbert Augustin Thierry, the author of "Une Ame en Peine." The cure of Petites-Dalles in curing the possessed says a special mass called the "red mass," or "mass of the martyrs." Red flowers are placed upon the altar, and the priest wears a red stole. The church is draped in purple.

But, stranger still, a few years ago the wife of the editor of a leading Catholic journal in Paris, being troubled by evil spirits, witnessed the death of the Dominican priest who was endeavoring to exorcise her, and who was unable to guard himself against the forces with which he was contending.—Paris Figaro.

The Perfect Foot.

The Greek statuary, much of it dated centuries before Christ, seems to prove that the Greeks had feet much like those of modern Americans. The most beautiful of the Greek feet are hollowed out well both inside and out. They have short heels, high insteps and long, straight toes, slightly spatulate at the ends. That is the type of the most beautiful modern foot. It is, on the whole, a foot not frequently seen in its perfection, for often one or the other element of beauty is wanting.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THE TYPEWRITER IN BUSINESS.

Modern Methods Differ From the Customs of Merchants of Other Days.

In the good old times of proverbial honesty, which was as much account in the transactions of business as was the necessary cash for capital, the merchant's word was as good as his bond. In this progressive age it is different. A typewritten letter is of no more value in a business transaction than would be the testimony of an idiot in a court of law or the meandering utterances of a trance medium before the faculty of Harvard college. Shielded behind the progressive barrier of civilization, cheek takes the place of capital, and the integrity of old time merchant princes, as Lawrence, Appleton, Sears and other honored names are not essential or apparent in modern business methods.

Transactions of any magnitude, in any line, can be carried on by the aid of a typewriter, as in most cases the operator can furnish brains enough for the principal, with or without capital. If all goes well and the prospects are serene, typewriting counts; if otherwise, this merchant can disclaim the entire transaction and ignore any responsibility for the machine.

The decadence of simple honesty is greatly to be lamented. We have in mind at the moment of writing a case in point of peculiar hardship. An honored gentleman, a helpless cripple, conceived a business plan which promised successful results. The plan was submitted to a firm rated high in the mercantile agencies and a still higher position in public favor. It was eagerly accepted and cordially indorsed at every point, and all assistance promised to make it a permanent success to the mutual advantage of all parties concerned. All correspondence was favorable, and the projector launched his enterprise at a heavy outlay of time and capital, only to be abandoned at this moment by this honorable firm and denounced by them as assuming their sanction and support, which they deny in toto. This support and indorsement being entirely by typewriter, the victim finds himself in greater "distress in mind, body and estate" than before this venture, but without any legal redress.—Melrose (Mass.) Reporter.

A Rare Genius.

I remember once to have seen the role of a hero played with all the spontaneity of real genius by a poor stage supernumerary. It happened during a battle scene in Henry V at a Philadelphia theater. In a lull in the firing the audience discovered that a fly at the top of the stage was ablaze. A stampede was imminent. Half the people in the house were already on their feet. Two men could be seen aloft, making desperate efforts to tear away the burning scene. This added to the consternation. An other instant and a panic would have ensued, in which many lives would have been lost.

Such was the situation when out of the troop of soldiers on the stage stepped a "super," and in a roaring "aside" addressed to the trembling audience he shouted:

"Kape yer sates. Don't yer see de fire is in de play!"

The effect was magical. Few believed the statement, but unconsciously everybody dropped back into his chair and the play went on. A roar of laughter followed, and although it was five minutes before the fire extinguishers completed their work not a trace of fear reappeared among the members of the audience. I never knew that man's name, but I have always thanked God for his presence of mind and his rich Irish brogue.—Julius Chambers.

Wonders of Geometrical Progression.

The story of Sysla and the king is usually told as a good illustration of geometrical progression. Sysla, so the story goes, was the inventor of the game of chess. The king was so delighted with the diversion that he promised to grant any request the inventor might make. Sysla, who must have been a mathematician as well as a mechanical genius, only asked that the generous king would put one grain of wheat on the first square of the board and double the amount upon each successive square up to and including the sixty-fourth. Lucas de Burgo says that there was not enough wheat in the kingdom to pay the crafty inventor, which was 18,446,744,073,709,-557,615 grains! According to a curious medley of figures published in the Louisville Courier-Journal, there are 832,000 grains in a bushel of wheat. How many bushels did the modest inventor ask for? The number of bushels as given in the book "Curiosities of the Game and Play of Chess" fall more than one-third short of the actual number.—St. Louis Republic.

Diet In Diabetes.

The following "rigorous" diet is said to be prescribed by the eminent Dujardin Beaumetz of Paris: Eggs, fish, meats of all kinds, poultry, game, oysters and cheese; all green vegetables are permitted except beets, carrots and beans; fatty foods are recommended, such as sardines in oil, herring, lard, goose grease, ham fat and caviare; all soups are permitted, when made of meats in combination with cabbage, poached eggs, onions, but no bread or toast is to be in the soup. Only dietetic breads are to be used, and saccharine in place of sugar; all starch foods are strictly forbidden, as sweet fruits, pastries and chocolates; patients may drink claret wine diluted with vichy, but no poor wines, liquors or spirits are to be used. Daily exercise morning and evening is to be taken in the open air; fencing and gardening also, and other light exercise.

Easy Enough to Remember.

A gentleman in Gardiner has been troubled to remember his wife's frequent orders to get a yeast cake. He knows sometimes that there is something he ought to get, but cannot think what it is. Now whenever he cannot remember what he is after he always gets a yeast cake, and he says he hits it right the greater part of the time too.—Bangor Commercial.

THE VIZCACHA.

A Semicivilized Rodent Which Abounds In the Argentine Republic.

[Special Correspondence.]

BUENOS AYRES, Sept. 5.—With Mr. Darwin's usual "liquid way" of satisfying his ignoranae of the causes which led to the existence of certain bipeds and quadrupeds, he says of the vizcacha, "We must suppose that either all rodents, including the vizcacha, branched off from some ancient marsupial which will naturally have been more or less intermediate in character, or that both rodents and marsupials branched off from a common progenitor." "You pay your money and take the choice." It is an admirable style of reasoning, from a naturalist's standpoint, particularly from so eminent a one as Mr. Darwin, but this does not affect what consistent hunters have discovered; and what one of the most consistent observers of natural history has found out about the vizcacha is worth retelling.

The favorite haunts of the vizcacha are in the Argentine Republic, close to Buenos Ayres. They are larger than the rabbits, the males measuring about 24 inches to the root of the tail and weighing about 15 pounds, and the females, which are much smaller, rarely exceeding 19 inches in length or 9 pounds in weight. In almost every other respect they are somewhat similar to the rabbit, except for their more peculiarly perfect instinct and general mode of living.

Every other burrowing species of rodent makes his home or burrow in some bank or sudden depression of the soil or near some coarse herbage or the roots of bushes and trees. They select these places for safety and to protect their tunneling, but the vizcacha discards such natural assistance. He makes his burrows out on the open pampa, clear of all bushes, trees and brush, and should any grow near to his home he will immediately cut, or rather gnaw, it down.

One of the peculiarities of the vizcacha is its extraordinary fear of dogs. They will allow a man or a beast of any kind to come within a few feet of them before suddenly

THE VIZCACHA.

disappearing into their burrows, but if a dog is seen a hundred yards away the sentinel gives the alarm, and every vizcacha in the neighborhood immediately dives into his burrow. So wary have they become that from a kind of natural selection the instinct of the pampas dogs has led them to approach a vizcachera crouching after the fashion of a tiger or cat rather than of his own species.

Another and far stranger characteristic of the vizcacha is that the inhabitants of one burrow dare not run for refuge to a neighboring burrow. They would be immediately driven out, and nevertheless they are fond of each other's society and pay visits at the different vizcacheras at nighttime. In fact, one can easily discern pathways between the vizcacheras where the visitors pass to and fro. There is something almost human in this instinct. They will not allow a stranger to rush into their villages at will. But they are delighted to receive him at the entrance to their burrows as a friend, and should a farmer cover up a vizcachera all the vizcachas in the neighborhood will come at nighttime to dig out their buried friends.

W. F. RODERIGO.

OYSTER CULTURE.

The ... Useful Mollusk From In... to Maturity.

[...spondence.]

Pr... Few people know how ... he spends his short ... resses from infanc... the oyster sh... peculiar develo...

He is ... ost invisibl... he can a... on until... can stic... side or a ... some oys... pends upon fish and othe... But we must ... to live, and me... devised curious ... ors," made of wo... which they place i... places to catch the l... floating around.

It is in France that t... of the oyster is most p... ed feature in the develo... ply. Here in America t... much time to develop ... species naturally before t... nized his worth for food—... try was civilized and popul... —that millions upon milli... gregated around our shores. ... out, as did they in Europe, w... and wholesome food it was, ... for them in the most greedy ... sible, not sparing the young o...

It is about the last week in J... French oystermen place their ... where they believe or know the ... will swim, and in October this ... which has attached itself to t... wood, or whatever it may be, has ... be the size of a finger nail. They ... (sometimes thousands of them ... square foot) removed and placed i... or in inclosed places along the ... develop.

Now is the time when the young ... needs careful watching. If the w... too dense, too salt or too fresh, if i... cold, if it is too muddy, or if it do... contain sufficient water vegetation fo... or if the oyster enemies are not kept ... the young oysters will perish. If ... these things are carefully attende... both the animal and shell will grow rap... and matured oysters, fit for the table ... be collected in two years, or three at ... outside.

The food of the oyster and the fee... process are very interesting studies. ... oyster is a great epicure in his feeding. ... lives almost entirely upon minute, alm... microscopical, plants of the lowest org... ism that float around in his neighborhoo... These little plant organisms have the ... markable power of freely moving about ... the water. They are incased in glassli... shells, and under the microscope they a... found to be exceedingly beautiful in co... struction.

When the oyster desires food, he ope... his shell, and the passing plant is drawn i... Of course a quantity of water enters wi... the little plant organisms, but the mome... a sufficient supply has been received t... oyster closes his shells, and a stream of fi... tered water passes out, leaving the micr... scopical morsels of food in the "stomach. Scientists call these plant organisms di... toms.

ROB F. WALSH.

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